

Bird Hatałii

On a sled through Diné Bikéyah, wind
so strong it was like ice shooting over
the window and making shadows
reminding me of Hatałii who were so mighty their
wisdom spread across all, unhindered
and loved, but feared through night and
day, so many colors of wisdom and cloth.
with hooghans like peppers growing and
making all hearts sail with fire
and light
as mountains watched from small creeks and
small groves where birds made home at midnight
and I myself loved the land
and the people
and still do.